

A GRAND CALA W E E K !!

The LONG LOOKED FOR EVENT A T H A N D. GRAND FOR MAL OPENING OF SPRING STOCK

By the LEADER S in this State of LOW PRICES and Reliable G oods, the Popular

MODEL CLOTHING COMPANY

Beginning Tuesday Morning and continuing All this Week.

Everybody

In Indiana has not yet seen our new HAT and CAP DEPARTMENT. This will be a splendid opportunity for all such to come and examine our elegant line of Hats for men, boys and children. Our Hat department, has such advantages over the small dealers, that we are already obtaining the bulk of the trade. With the capital necessary to carry the stock to meet the requirements of all, the public can readily see why we are able to make better prices than other dealers. We display the largest number of new spring styles in Hats of any house in the West. On fine fur stiff Hats at \$1.50 and \$2.00, are the wonder of all who have seen them, for heretofore the same qualities could not be had under \$2.00 and \$3.00. Our finer Derbys are made by the best eastern manufacturers, and cannot be matched within 25 per cent, of our prices. Our Broadway silk hats at \$3.50 and \$5.00, are daily increasing in popularity. In boys' polo caps we show an immense assortment at 19 cents, 25 cents and upwards.

Gentlemen

Who have been accustomed to having their clothing made to order, can not fail to be favorably impressed by the enormous variety of fine, first-class, tailor made clothing we are showing this spring. These garments are fully equal to the best made to order wear, and at a saving of \$10 to \$20 on a suit. Our stock includes all qualities and grades of checks and plaids, in sack and cutaway suits, plain cassimers, worsteds, whippers, and corkscrews. Our fine worsted and corkscrew four-button cutaway and full dress Prince Albert suits, are made and trimmed in the very best possible manner. We would call special attention to our elegant line of Norfolk tourist, skating or bicycle coats and suits. Our styles are controlled exclusively by us, and will be found nowhere else in this city. In contradistinction to all other makes, our tourist coats will be found to be perfect fitting. Don't fail to look through our handsome lines of Spring Overcoats; prices, 5 to \$25.

Our Five Immense Stores

Will be made attractive by the artistic talent of some of our most prominent florists, and our stock in all departments will be so arranged as to specially display our new and attractive spring styles.

We devote the entire week to our grand opening this year in order that all may have an opportunity to visit our stores with some comfort to themselves and more satisfaction to us. Heretofore, when we have had but one "opening day" the crowds were simply unmanageable, and this year we hope to avoid some of the discomforts felt by our patrons in the past. Of course TUESDAY will be the great day of the week. Miller's celebrated orchestra will furnish music both afternoon and evening on that day, but the decorations and general arrangements of the stores will remain the same throughout the week.

We have the largest and most complete stock of spring goods, in all departments, ever brought into this State, and we extend a most cordial invitation to all to visit us during our opening week, and at any time when in need of superior quality of goods at the lowest possible prices.

Boys and Children

Must be hard indeed to please if they can not be easily suited in the immense department we devote exclusively to them. The styles we have in boys' and children's suits are myriad. We call special attention to our nobly worsted corkscrew cutaway frocks for boys from 14 to 17 years of age; children's two-piece suits in blue, gray, fawn, and white; and the famous "Norfolk" skating and bicycle suits, and fancy plaid suits in any style of fabric you wish at prices ranging from \$2 to \$12. Sailor suits in all styles from 98 cents to \$6. Our lines of knit suits can not be surpassed for variety or beauty; price, \$2 to \$10. In Shirt Waists we carry the Star and other celebrated makes, at prices from 19 cents to \$1.50. Our boys' and children's department is said by all to be the pleasantest salesroom in the West. It has all the desired accommodations for ladies, with carpeted floors, easy chairs, polite attendants, and everything else that makes purchasing agreeable. In boys' and children's department, we have a complete line of roller skates, a pair of good roller skates.

OUR Furnishing Department

Was never before so well prepared to supply the wants of all classes of customers as it is this season. We have prepared for an immense business in this department, and feel sure that our expectations will be fully realized. In Neckwear we show an immense assortment of silk scarfs, in light and dark colors, puffs, flats and tecks, at prices from 25 cents to \$1.50. In bows we have many number of styles, from 5 cents to 50 cents. Underwear—Our stock of gauze, halbrigan and summer merino is now in. We guarantee our prices to be fully 25 per cent, lower than those of any competitor, for the same quality of goods. Shirts—Superb is the only adjective that can be applied to our line of calico and fine percale shirts. They must be seen to be appreciated. 50 cents to \$1.50. In Hosiery, our assortment of solid colors and jersey stripes, at prices from 10 cents to 75 cents, can not be surpassed. See our 25 cent fancy stripe regular make, worth 40 cents.

MODEL CLOTHING COMPANY

FIVE STORES IN ONE.

For the Sunday Sentinel.

GORDON.

BY SARAH T. BOUTON.

O dauntless spirit! O dauntless soul!
Where art thou in the boundless realms of space?
No thought can track thee to the utmost goal,
Nor holiest seraph divine thy dwelling place.

The wandering winds are burdened with thy name,
And, wherever human thought may reach,
Men tell each other of thy deeds, thy fame,
In every land, in every form of speech.

Yet, not for this, O Gordon, didst thou strive
In heathen climes, in mingled Soudan;
Not for the name and glory that survive,
But for the love of God, the good of man.

Dead! It is well; life had no goodly gift
To tempt thy longer stay; no future bright
With promised happiness, no charm to lift
From off thy heart the shadow and the blight.

Of disappointment—sorrow deep and dire,
That found no utterance in word or moan,
But only smothered a consuming fire,
That left thy pathway desolate and lone.

The joy of youth—the dream of happy love,
Fame, death, ambition, hope and fear—
All, that to self-aggrandizement could move,
Died and were buried in that nameless year.

And, on the sealed grave of thy dead hope,
Thou didst resolve to dedicate thy days,
Mind, manhood, might, to help of those who grope
In outer darkness, down life's lonely ways.

And, thou hast kept the pledge, thro' stress and strain,
Thro' doubt and danger, weariness and strife—
Doing what man may do, with hand and brain,
Forgetting self to the last hour of life.

The nations saw thee, helpless at Chartum,
Besieged by savage hordes and doomed to death—
Saw thee, so bravely to thy martyrdom,
Yet, stood with idle hands and bated breath.

So much, and singlehanded, thou hast done,
To lift the darkness where misrule was rife;
So much imperiled and so grandly won,
Men deemed that thou didst wear a charmed life.

Wegern not estimate thy work; it lies
Beyond the range and reach of human ken,
But never man made greater sacrifice
To help the lowliest of his fellow men.

Indianapolis, March, 1885.

WIT AND PLEASANTY.

A New Hampshire woman claims that she has not broken a plate or a cup for thirty years. Her husband must be remarkably well behaved.

Doctors say drinking too much coffee makes bald heads. Telling the female head of the house that her coffee is nothing but aloes will also do it.—Philadelphia Call.

"My lips are awfully chapped," remarked a pretty Northside girl to her best fellow. "There's nothing so good as two-lip salve, for chapped lips," said he, and smacked her again.

True diplomacy is the art of hiding your money where your wife can not find it, and then to lie in bed pretending to be asleep as you watch her go through your clothes in an unproductive hunt.

Receiving a lover: A celebrated judge, on riding up to a tavern, was surprised to see the landlord's daughter, a girl of eighteen, put one hand on the fence and leap over it. "Do that again, my lass, and I'll marry you," said the judge, possessed by some whim such as now and then seize the most staid of men. The girl, without a mo-

ment's hesitation, put her hand on the fence and jumped back again.

"Outstripped by a Woman," is the headline of a dispatch in an exchange. The Graphic thinks "there is nothing remarkable in that. Women have constantly outstripped men ever since the present ball-room fashions came into style."

When Charles Brown (Artemus Ward) was in London he quite frequently dropped in upon a friend of his, who was the manager of one of that city's popular theatres. Wishing to pass in and out as he pleased without any fuss, Mr. Brown said to his friend: "Just fix me by the stage door 'will you?' A few evenings after Artemus Ward presented himself at the theatre's stage door and asked old Jimmy, the stage doorkeeper, if his name, Mr. Brown, had been left there. "No, sir; there's no such name here," was the veteran doorkeeper's prompt reply. "Ah, perhaps," here remarked Mr. Brown, "you have my other name, my alias, Artemus Ward." "Your other name, is it? No, sir; you'll not pass—ye can't name any of our lieutenants on me."

A middle-aged, eye-glassed woman from Peoria had just concluded a lecture to her husband on the rights of woman. He was in the seat beside her next to the window, and couldn't escape. As she stopped for breath and to note the effect her effort had had upon her victim, a man sitting a couple of seats back remarked to his companion: "It's funny how many strong-minded women there are in the country now." He didn't intend to be overheard, but in about two seconds a woman with flashing eyes and a big jaw was standing beside him. "You are right, you little sneak of an eaves dropper," she hissed out; "you're right, you little whisperer in pants. There are a good many strong-minded women in the country, and it's about time, too. With so many weak-minded men running loose it's time the women were coming to the front. Don't you speak to me!" He didn't.

Just So.
[Pittsburgh Chronicle.]
"Give me a man firm of character, unchangeable in all things," exclaimed his enthusiastic young wife's companion.
"Yes, and give me a woman the same way!" he cried with a responsive glow. And then she stopped and pondered that there was a possibility of their unanimity of sentiment keeping up two sets of names for some time to come.

A Brutal Husband.
[Exchange.]
"Dear Simon, just see what a nice present I got you for your birthday." "What is it, dearest?" he asked.
"A beautiful pocketbook to keep your money in." "Thanks, but I don't expect to keep much money in it." "But you must promise me always to think of me when you take it out." "O, you bet. I'll think of you every time I open it. I am bound to do that."

She Preferred Virgil.
[St. Paul Herald.]
They were both students in the same college. He had just conquered his bashfulness sufficiently to take her for a drive. They drove a mile through the shady wood and romantic vale, and while her little mouth kept up a steady chatter, he seemed to have lost a piece of speech. At last he made a break.

"Miss Minnie, which of the Latin poets do you prefer?" "Virgil, of course," replied Minnie, with a regular twinkle in her eye.

"Because he did not waste so much time with useless preliminaries, but started right out with 'Arms and the man I sing.'"

Written for the Sunday Sentinel.

THE LEADERS OF THE UNION ARMY.

During a recent visit to Washington I was permitted to inspect in the office of the Adjutant General of the United States a magnificent collection of photographs of the general officers commissioned by the President of the United States—including Brigade Commanders not actually commissioned—during the eventful period which beginning early in 1861 terminated in April 1865 by the Surrender of the armies of the so-called Confederate States of America.

This collection has been arranged for presentation in the archives of the War Department in such a manner as to exhibit the leaders of the several brigades, divisions, Army Corps and armies of the United States in the great contest for the supremacy of the Union.

The thought occurred to me, that while it is proper that such a collection should as a great original or combination of originals remain in the War Department, yet the people of the country (those who do not live at Washington or can not go there) are entitled to a chance to view these heroes. Congress can afford to authorize the reproduction of the pictures by the heliotype or other similar process. To each picture a short statement of the military services of the officer could be prefixed, thus forming a valuable illustrated appendix to the official publication of the war. To say nothing of the pleasure afforded to the people, it would prove a most valuable publication from a purely historical point of view. Mr. Ralph H. Tait, the chief clerk in the Adjutant General's Department has devoted much time and attention to the procurement of these valuable pictures. And indeed they are very valuable even now. The visitor looks at Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, as they were twenty years ago, and exclaims, "Alas, how changed now from the freshness and vigor of manhood!"

These horsemen and their companions were not injured by the shot and shell of the hostile batteries nor by the insidious disease which bit upon the warrior; they escaped all these. But time, slowly, surely creeping along, has left his mark upon them. As I write these lines one of them, the greatest and sturdiest of all, is suffering defeat at the hands of that unconquerable enemy, death. And soon they will all be gone, to live only in the remembrance of posterity and on the pages of history.

A hundred years hence, and the collection will be a hundred times more valuable than it is now. I turned over the pages and there I found our gallant Indiana warriors. There was Craft, with whom I spent a delightful day at the Terre Haute encampment when the regiment was being organized. And here are Harrison, Gresham, Wallace, Scribner, Hovey, Meredith, Sanders, Anthony, and other gallant leaders, some living and some now dead, but all of whom deserve well of their country.

Here on this page is the face and form of one who was the soldier's friend, cut off in his prime. He had nevertheless done enough to earn the gratitude of a sorrowing nation. When James B. McPherson fell a great soldier died. It was my good fortune to know him intimately. I never shall forget that bright day in June, 1862, when at his invitation, I went with a gay party to picnic with him at Fort Delaware. He was then a Lieutenant in the regular army stationed at the Fort which was built on an island in the middle of the Delaware nearly opposite Delaware City. As we reclined on the grass late in the afternoon, tired and waiting for the boats to come and take us across the river, I looked up at the huge gun which had just been mounted on the southern side of the Fort, and which was then pointed southward threateningly over our heads, and said to him jocularly:

"This is a good place for the birds to build their nests. Yes," he said, "No one will disturb them here very soon. Here I am, a poor Lieutenant, destined to stay here or in some other out of the way place all my life, with little chance for promotion. I hate this life of inactivity. The Government is foolish to go to any expense for these forts, for we shall be always or for a long time at least at peace with every nation. We must be crowded close together before we have any wars."

How little we knew of the immediate future. The war cloud was then gathering in the South. It was at first perhaps, no larger than a man's hand, but it increased slowly and surely. And when John Brown's raid came, that cloud was ready to burst in fury over us. And in a few years the Southern land was wrecked, as Webster phrased it, with paternal blood.

We can not do enough to honor our brave and patriotic defenders, leaders and soldiers. Long may they be with us to repeat their adventures before their camp fires and to the wondering children, and may they return late into heaven.

NEW ALBANY.

Modes of Courtship.
[Boston Courier.]
The tailor presses his suit.
The shoemaker lays his awl at her feet.
The blacksmith strikes her with the iron as he hots.

The carter says her society adds joy to his existence.
The woodchopper offers himself as her feller.

The mason believes his chances rest on a good foundation when he informs her that refusal would be mortifying to him.
The sailor first ascertains how the land lies; then approaches her when she's in stays, and then informs her that she's in need of a first mate.

The dayman he is bound to heifer, and can love no dealer.
The furniture dealer is so much in love with her that he is willing to accept her affection on installment, one-tenth down.

The poet wooes her with a sonnet, and her big brother starts out in search of him with a shotgun.
The "funny man" approaches her with jokes and puns, and has the dog set on him and loses the skin of his swallowtail.

Finally the champion roller-skater rolls into her good graces and she settles with and marries him.

"Josiah."
I never kin forget the day
That we went out a walkin';
And set down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas our kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sat there;
Josiah seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call;
An' yet I knew 'twas comin';
An' then Josiah spoke right up
An' said, 'Lover, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?'
It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' I said, 'I know you're comin';
I'd heard it all the summer long
An' I was sure you'd come;
I'd said out the way I'd act;
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I must have seen the love from him,
But seen as if he knew it;
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the first
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshiped him Josiah.

A writer in the St. Louis Medical Journal advises young practitioners never to make fun of an old woman's remedy. He will not only give offense, but may miss a valuable aid in his practice. The writer adds: "In 1830, while practicing in Madison County, Ill., I was induced by the representations of an old woman to make the trial, in dysentery and diarrhoea, of a tablespoonful-dose of pure cider vinegar, with the addition of sufficient salt to be noticeable, and it acted so charmingly that I have never used anything else."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

International Lessons.—By Henry M. Grant, D. D.—Second Quarter.—April 5.—Paul's Voyage.—Acts 17: 1, 2, 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts 17: 26.

It was Agrippa's verdict that, had Paul not made this appeal to Caesar, he might have been set at liberty. But plainly there was a divine providence in the shaping of events which led him to do as he did. For it was by this very means that his heart's desire to visit Rome, and preach the Gospel, there was to be accomplished. Moreover he gained a free passage. He went on a new mission at his enemies' expense. They thought to hinder the Gospel, and at every point rather helped the good cause along. It is often so. Therefore let us take when obstacles seem to be interposed on every hand.

Of the many points of interest here presented, a number deserve particular attention.

1. We see how impossible it is for us always to choose our company (1, 2). One's earthly life is strikingly like a ship's progress from one port to another. So we read, and speak, of the "voyage of life." But in this instance we observe how diverse in condition and character were the Apostle's companions. In all the ship's company there were nearly three hundred persons. The "we" implies that the narrator, Luke, was one of the number. Aristarchus, elsewhere spoken of as a fellow-laborer (Philim. 24) was another. These were congenial and helpful. Julian, the centurion, also proved a sort of Cornelius in manliness. But there were other sorts, no doubt—good and bad, wheat and tare, in company. Here was opportunity to do good. We might desire to withdraw to some saint's rest, or delightful corner, where we should be surrounded by the good only. God does not gratify this desire. He has a discipline for us, and with them there is ever provided a way of escape. And for the storm which sinks the ship, it only hastens the upright soul's entrance into the haven of heavenly rest.

2. We are reminded of the exposure in this world of the good as well as bad to storms and perils (14, 15). The first day's sail proved smooth and untroubled. But then the winds began to the "contrary." And "not long after there arose a tremendous wind, called Euroclydon" (Euroclydon, in the new version). This is what we should call a typhoon or hurricane. That Paul and Luke and Aristarchus were on the ship made no difference.

Why God does not make a difference, indeed, he suffers each of us to feel as may not be able to explain. It is nearly that we should be? We know that God is just, wise and good; we know that these things—tempests and earthquakes, and perils to tempted souls—come by his permission; and we know that he has the best reason for all he does. Is not that enough? But there are some things we can see. We can see that temptations do but test us—they do not compel us; and with them there is ever provided a way of escape. And for the storm which sinks the ship, it only hastens the upright soul's entrance into the haven of heavenly rest.

3. We note the efforts and sacrifices men cheerfully make to escape external ills (16-19)—Struck by the hurricane the seamen lost no time in efforts to secure the boat, thus far towed astern. Then they used helps underlying the ship; that is, passed strong cables around it, after the ancient fashion, to keep the planks from springing apart. Next they lightened the ship, throwing the freight overboard. Finally they cast out the tackling of the ship, such gear and furniture as could be moved.

Here was effort and sacrifice. Wealth, goods, means of comfort, all was willingly surrendered. Why? To save life; the body of life. Were these men unwise? Anybody would say. "They would have been fools

had they acted otherwise." But does not God care for his earthly children? Will not he, who feeds the sparrow and notes its fall, protect his higher creatures? Yes, but apart from our own exertions can we do not use watchful care and effort and self-denial, his wisdom and love will not interpose.

All this men see and own. But how often they do not, will not, see the very same things apart from our own exertions can we do not use watchful care and effort and self-denial, his wisdom and love will not interpose.

4. We note the Christian's advantage at times in peril and safety (20-25). Notwithstanding all the efforts of the ship's company, safety was far from being assured. "All hope was taken away." Nor, so far as appears, was Paul at once able to speak with confidence. So busy were all that they had no time or desire for food; meanwhile Paul may have been engaged in prayer (23). Then he stood forth, speaking words of courage and trust. He had heard a voice bidding him "Fear not."

Observe just here that a Christian is not one who never fears; he is not above trembling when dangers arise. He shrinks from the peril of the sea, and he notices how his faith was connected with his consecration; the angel who appeared to him was "the angel of God whose I am, and whom I serve." Give yourself to be his and to serve him, and then His will will be easy. You are in relations with God. To "believe God" is as natural now as to breathe.

What an advantage is there here! The Christian is the happy man.

5. Then we see the good which may come of association with Christians (22, 24). "For there shall be no loss of any man's life among you," so Paul said to the company. Moreover, the reason for this assurance appears; the angel had said, "God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." It would seem that Paul had prayed for them, and now he has the assurance that his prayer is answered. And so all owed their safety to him.

Was their experience of good on account of association with Paul a solitary experience? No. Ten righteous men had saved Sodom, Moses and Samuel often stood between Israel and judgment. Often for the sake of a faithful remnant God's people were preserved and blest. It is a great blessing to live in a Christian community; to be surrounded by a god fearing, praying, trusting people. The men who deride the church are benefited by it. They feel that: "Why do they not flee to the lands where no churches are."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Fastidious Christians who withdraw into select society limit their opportunities for doing good (1).

2. The young just starting out on the voyage of life should know the way they "mean" to go. Have a purpose and plan.

3. Perils to life and to the life eternal are often sudden as well as severe (14).

4. God expects us to use the best means and skill to save life and property.

5. He who is in earnest for the things of Christ and his salvation will suffer no earthly thing to stand in his way. With Paul he will "count all things but loss."

6. Dangers are great tests of character.

7. Calm faith draws others to us; by it we strengthen that of others.

8. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and ours also. Now we can get access to his heart. Now we can show him the worth of the Christian's trust.

Women Who Take Lessons in Talking.
[Interview with an Educationalist, New York Mail.]

Why, I have a large class of young society ladies, who come in the middle of the day to avoid being observed. They enter into the study with zeal. "Teach me how to speak well," said one, "I do not care to express passion, hatred, scorn or anything of that kind, but I wish to converse fluently, to have an incident with proper chic, to have the correct intonation at the close of each sentence; and above all, to be possessed of sufficient nerve to keep from growing insipid." Can I give a lady verve or chic? I simply teach them natural methods, and in a few weeks the most awkward have attained a polish of manner and a fluency of speech that are truly surprising.

Science.
Behind the scenes of the brow
We will whatever we will;
Who probes the thought of the mind,
It is as naught, good or ill?

In mist the cherubim bowed
Over the ark of the covenant true;
God gives to each soul a cloud,
And holy of holies, too.

—Mrs. Rosamond White.

Facies Non Omnibus Cui.
Not a life below the sun
But is precious—unto one!
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems—somewhere—beautiful;

Not a heart, however depraved,
But is passioned for and prized,
Poof! who laughs at lack of grace,
Each man hath a many faces!

—Edwin Arnold.

General idea prevails in favor of ruddy cheeks and bright, clear complexions. As the summer comes tan and freckles will not be frowned on as in the past. Indeed, I think that Chloe and Janet will rather favor them. This is a good sign. Health is in fashion. Thin waists and pinched feet are not in style. Good appetites are. The girls I know are talking of summer amusements. They will walk and climb and play tennis, instead of lounge and read novels. Their shoes will be low of heel and broad of sole, and protection to the ankles will be watched rather than the trimness thereof. This is a good sign. I hope the girls will go further. Powder and tan and freckles will not match, rouge can not resist the perspiration incident to exercise and the bath, and I don't believe that the wearer of the abominably modern corset believes that it is in accordance with the feminine shape, as first designed by nature. Therefore let us, rouge and powder follow mirroring gait and lackadaisical habits.

WM. B. BURFORD

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